

DOCTORING A PROFITLESS FARM

By GEORGE H. DACY



Preparing the Ground by Taking Out All the Old Roots.

If you were a countryman whose farm was not paying very well and an agricultural expert came along and said: "Let me show you how you can double and triple your present income," if the man looked sane and intelligent, you would doubtless jump at the chance.

Furthermore, if he made good on his assertion he would win your everlasting gratitude and perhaps you would recompense him with a little cash bonus. Now this is just the opportunity that the farm management department of the Missouri Agricultural college is offering to the farmers of the "show me" state.

The department says: "Ask for our aid and we will show you how to tonic your creaky bank accounts and how to increase the profits of every branch of your farm." Even the most skeptical who, to begin with, made fun of the proposition have been alienated because the Missouri farm management department has made good on all its assertions.

Today some 500 local farmers are annually recording greater profits on the credit side of their ledgers as a result of following the advice and plans mapped out for them by the department.



Removing With Dynamite Some of the Largest Roots.

his district; yet he, on the quiet, appealed to the department for aid.

A representative visited the farm and found it apparently in good condition, supplied with good buildings, and annually yielding bumper crops of grain and roughage, 30 bushels of wheat, 60 bushels of corn and two tons of hay to the acre.

It was a different story, however, when the expert examined the live stock. The dairy cows were scrubs of the worst variety, with staring coats and every rib showing, and with udders not larger than a man's two fists. The swine and horses were also inferior specimens of twentieth century live stock, while the supply of farm machinery was in no sense modern and efficient. Here was a case of a countryman who was exerting all his energies toward the production of profitable crops, only to feed them to unprofitable live stock.

From 12 cows he obtained only enough milk to supply the need of his family of six persons. The department showed him where the leak was, and explained to him how he could harmonize all his operations and render his farm more fertile and profitable by maintaining better live stock. He acceded to their advice and today is gaining a profitable livelihood and yearly fattening his bank account under a standardized system of management.

Farmers Take Kindly to the Plan. The popularity of this movement to rejuvenate sick farms increased to such an extent that a year ago the department organized the Missouri Farm Management association, the pioneer society of its character in America, the members being recruited from among the ranks of the owners of unprofitable farms who desired to nurse all the operations on their acreages back to a wage-earning condition.

The object of this association was to organize and combine the farmers of Missouri who were interested in practical system of farm management. It aided the department in so much as the countrymen who needed and wanted help were centralized in the organization, while it aided the farmers in so far as the department experts promised to visit and replan each place in turn. Two hundred earnestly interested farmers joined the society the first year, while at present the enrollment is double that number. Each countryman pays \$1.25 membership fee—the

Confidence in Organization Grows.

It was a case of "first come, first served," and after these business management doctors had cured a few severe cases of "loser" farms and made them profitable and more productive, applications requesting aid came in

Fresh Air and Catarrh. Against this cause of catarrh (warm houses and foul air) there is only one protection, and that is the gods of the field and the woods, the west wind and the sunshine. Spend as much of your time as possible out of doors—and that ought to be always two-thirds of it in childhood—and resolutely bring the outdoors indoors at every hour of your working and sleeping day.

Peculiar Welsh Superstition. Women, like rabbits, are of ill omen to the miner. In many places, particularly in Wales, if a pitman meets or sees a woman on his way to

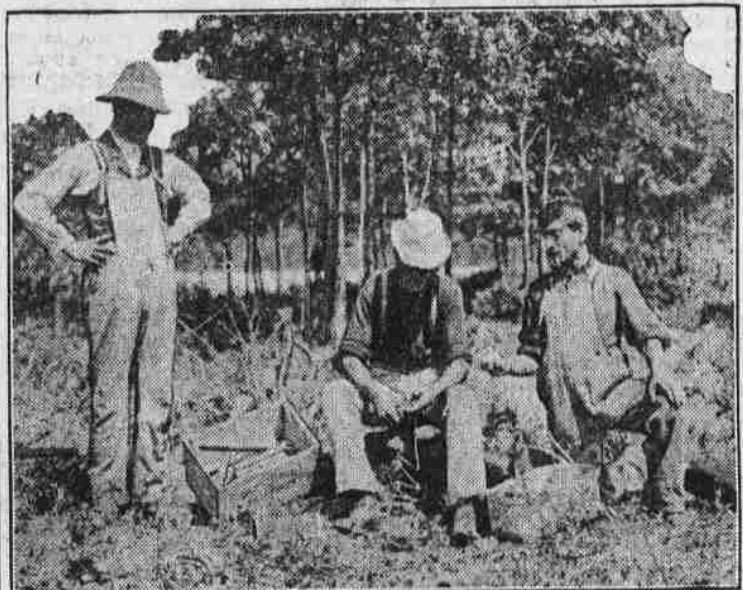
funds being used to aid the department in its work.

Farmers Co-Operate With Department. After his farm has been inspected by the department, in case a member of the society follows out the suggestions of the experts (although he is not in any way bound to carry out these suggested changes) he becomes a co-operator. The majority of the co-operators adhere strictly to the advice of the department.

Each year the department selects the best co-operative farm in each county and makes it a demonstration farm which conducts local experimental work under the direction of the experts. In the case of the demonstration farm, the department assumes the initiative and devotes as much attention to the place as is necessary to make it pre-eminently successful, and spares no pains in assisting the operators of these farms to bring them to the highest possible state of fertility and to the maximum point of profitability.

On the other hand, co-operator must take the initiative in all phases of his work, although he receives aid and assistance from the department experts when he stumbles onto a knotty problem. At present there are 75 co-operative and five demonstration farms in the state, and each summer, public meetings are held on the places of the demonstrators, where typical and illustrative results have been obtained.

Farmers from all parts of the country are invited to attend these meetings at which prominent agricultural experts and authorities on farm management discuss the various lines of farming practiced in Missouri. At noon, a basket lunch is served by the ladies of the county in which the gathering is held, and in the afternoon the men visit each individual field, study the crop, and informally discuss the efficiency of the methods of seed bed preparation, planting and cultivation which have been practiced in the development of this crop.



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These meetings have been fittingly termed "Show Me Institutes on Legs," and are really regular motion picture shows minus the nickel.

Woman's Work Included in "Doctoring."

While the men are busy with their field study, their wives under the direction of an expert in home economics occupy themselves with the problems of the farmhouse. Efficient methods of replanning the home, home decoration, modern methods of cooking, the elimination of wastes and the utilization of byproducts, handy aids in the kitchen, and the beautification of the farm yard are explained and discussed in detail.

The woman expert in charge of this work occupies herself throughout the year in visiting and remapping the systems of home management practiced by the housewives who request her aid. She is a sort of a traveling home economics department which



Getting Things Ready.

works according to the theory that if you cannot bring the farmer's wife to the college then take the college and science to the kitchen of the housewife.

She plans out the management of each home as practically and systematically as the home pocketbook will permit.

The Missouri farm management department also maintains a farm accounting branch which teaches the

work he will turn back, for such an encounter is held to forebode evil not only to the man himself, but all his associates. At Oawestry some years ago a woman was employed as messenger by one of the collieries, and in the course of her duties met many of the colliers on their way to work. The men immediately told the manager that they could not run the risk of ill luck entailed in meeting a woman on the way to the pit, and threatened to strike if she were not dismissed.

Fairy Tales Continued. Red Ridinghood grew up and married a rich man. The other day she came back from Europe. Instead of a red ridinghood she wore an immense imported hat and her hairdoes were seized by the custom officers. Was not that exciting?

by the chief or mico of the tribe. Five of the plates were of copper and two of brass. The copper plates were about 15 inches long and seven inches wide; the brass ones being round and 18 inches in diameter, having two characters on them similar to the letters A and E connected. The plates were kept buried under the house of the chief and are believed to be still in existence.—Tallaquah (Okla.) Democrat.

Uncle Eben. "Sometimes," said Uncle Eben, "it's hard to help a man without gettin' him all stirred up wit suspicion dat some way you's g'inter git some help 'im him."

Time to Go. If a man you call on squirms and wiggles and looks troubled he's busy and wants you to go.—Atchison Globe.

What's become of the old-fashioned man who used to hitch up his trousers?

FROM ALL OVER THE STATE

FARM RATES ARE TO BE LOWER.

New Insurance Schedule for the Rural Districts Is Being Formed, Reducing Rates.

Excelsior Springs.—The state's revenue from insurance fees amounts to about \$300,000 annually, while the cost of running the insurance department only aggregates \$40,000.

This fact was developed at the meeting here of the insurance men of the state, and will most likely result in a reduction of rates, particularly in the rural districts.

J. Elmer Ball of Moberly urged a new insurance schedule for farmers. "The insurance situation is no longer a business, but a civic problem," he said.

"All of his risks are designated as farm risks. His home and barn may be of concrete, but his holdings are rated the same as the farmer who dwells in a wooden house, whose risk is a hazardous one.

"Our education will educate the farmer on insurance, and will, in the end, secure him better ratings when he deserves it," Mr. Ball concluded.

Nearly \$2,000 was raised for a fund to promote publicity for the federation it is expected that \$10,000 will be raised within the next two weeks for this purpose.

Car Company in Trouble.

Springfield.—Seven street cars and the car barns of the Springfield traction company, which were seized to satisfy \$25,000 judgements in damage suits against the company, were released by Sheriff Spencer after counsel for the Guaranty Trust Company of New York file an affidavit in circuit court declaring the cars and buildings were included in a \$400,000 mortgage it holds on the traction company's property here.

They took possession and permitted the company to put the equipment back in service on the various lines.

Attorneys for Mrs. Martha Johnson, who holds the judgements against the traction company, immediately made an additional levy, and the sheriff took possession of the company's power plant and served garnishment proceedings on another bank in which the company has money on deposit.

The plant, Mrs. Johnson's attorneys said, would be advertised as being for sale under a general execution.

They also said the bringing of proceedings to throw the company into the hands of a receiver for failure to meet the judgements was being considered.

The company is making an effort to sue out a writ of certiorari in the supreme court to force a rehearing of the appeal in the damage suits on the ground that the Springfield court of appeals erred in affirming the judgements. Officials say this is the reason they are withholding settlement with Mrs. Johnson.

Oil Discovered Near Nevada.

Nevada.—Fresh impetus was added to the oil excitement in and around Nevada, by the announcement that a second well had been shot in the southwest part of the county and that will yield from 8 to 25 barrels of oil daily. The explosion blew a mixture of oil and water 65 feet into the air. It is slightly less than 160 feet deep, and the drill passed through 26 feet of oil sand and was still in it when stopped to "shoot" the well.

Falls From Horse, Drowned.

Springfield.—Will Monaghan, farmer, was found dead in Big Sac river, north of Springfield, where he had fallen from a horse he was riding. Monaghan was subject to epileptic fits and it is believed was stricken while riding. He was found 20 minutes after he left his home by a deputy sheriff who crossed the ford en route to Springfield. Monaghan was drowned in nine inches of water.

Pastor's Daughter Tried for Murder.

Sedalia.—Mrs. Lenora Evans, 27 years old, the daughter of a Morgan county minister, is on trial here charged with murder in the first degree. She, Sept. 10, engaged in a pistol duel with her husband, William Evans, at a resort where he was in the company of another woman. He was called from the house by Mrs. Evans and both began shooting. Evans was killed and his wife wounded.

Good Work Wins Freedom.

Jefferson City.—Gov. Major has granted "road paroles" to two St. Louis convicts, each having gained thirty days off on his sentence by willing and effective work on the public highways last August.

Better Early.

"Your salary isn't enough to support my daughter." "I'm glad you've come to that conclusion so early, sir."—Boston Transcript.

So Does Credit.

Money hanks.—Life.

"Light-haired people, it is said, as a rule live longer than those having dark hair."—Dublin Evening Mail. "Remember this when choosing a father-in-law, or dyeing your hair."—London Opinion.

Columbia.—"The Missouri Penitentiary of Jefferson City is 25 years behind the times. It is a source of shame to all Missourians." That is the sense of a statement on the Missouri penitentiary by Dr. C. A. Ellwood, professor of sociology in the University of Missouri.

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THEIR BOOKKEEPER

By GERALD FINCH.

"—And the doctor says he'll never be able to come to work again."

The ending of Daniel Patterson's story fell with dismal effectiveness upon the ears of Abner, his brother. Old Eph Jones, who had kept the books for the importing firm ever since its inception by Hiram Patterson, the father of the two brothers, had been disabled by old age.

Of course, he would be pensioned, but the question was, who would take his place? The Patterson business was an old-fashioned one, trading with a few wealthy, old-fashioned families. There was nothing modern about the little warehouse, tucked away in an obscure corner of the downtown section of the metropolis. A hustling young American would have been like a bill in a china shop.

As a matter of fact, the Patterson business barely paid its way. But the brothers had amassed a comfortable fortune. Daniel, the elder, was a little over fifty; Abner, his brother, who was always regarded as the reckless one, was forty-five. Both were confirmed bachelors, and if they had given up business neither would have known what to do with himself.

"We'll have to advertise for a bookkeeper," said Abner, after a consultation. "A quiet, dignified young woman."

"Woman!" yelled Daniel in horror. "Why, women make the best bookkeepers," answered Abner. "They're honest, and they attend to business where a man would be thinking all the time of—of sports and moving pictures and—horse racing."

This was the climax of wickedness in both the brothers' eyes. So, in the end, the experiment of a woman bookkeeper was reluctantly decided on. And thus, in due course of time, Miss Marjory Brown took her seat at the desk behind the grille and began to take financial charge of the brothers' affairs.

Both Abner and Daniel had anticipated a troublesome time in posting



"We Want You to Stay With Us For Ever."

her as to the affairs of the house, but, to their delight, Miss Brown proved as intelligent as she was attractive. In fact, if either Abner or Daniel had known just how attractive Miss Brown was, it is probable that they would have decided to seek elsewhere for a bookkeeper. When Miss Brown answered their advertisement her long, dark hair was tightly coiled on the top of her head, and she wore a prim tailor-made suit; but after the first week Miss Brown's hair was fashionably coiffured, and her dresses, though simple, were of that fashionable aspect which is commonly termed "stunning." And within a month Miss Marjory Brown ruled the office with a rod of iron.

Abner, who had acquired the habit of lingering a little too long over his lunch, would sink into the office on his return in order to avoid Miss Brown's reproachful eyes. As for Daniel, if he took a late train and turned up at ten instead of at nine fifteen, he hardly dared give Miss Brown instructions during the rest of the forenoon. "Abner," said Daniel one day, "I withdraw what I said against woman bookkeepers. Miss Brown is a—er—a—er—peach!"

He kissed the word at his brother and then looked at him as one who has committed a breach of decorum. But Abner only nodded his head, and then Daniel looked at him quite differently. That Abner should hold the same opinion of Miss Brown roused a curious sensation in him.

From that time onward each brother watched the other narrowly when he was talking to Miss Brown. "Abner," said Daniel, "what would we do if she left us?"

"Left us!" echoed Abner. "Why should she leave us?"

"Well—er—she might get married, you know," suggested Daniel.

"I guess we'd better raise her salary, then," replied Abner.

So Miss Brown was duly raised from fifteen to twenty dollars a week, to lure her away from matrimonial aspirations.

But that was in the good times before the panic. Then business grew worse and worse, and as is always the case, the trade in luxuries was the first to suffer. The business fell off to almost nothing. It became a case of closing the warehouse or selling securities at a price which would have swept away half the brothers' fortune.

"Abner," said Daniel, "Miss Brown will have to go. You give her notice." "Why don't you give her notice?" answered Abner. "You are the senior partner." He had observed that Daniel had grown much more formal with Miss Brown of late.

"But you are a man of the world, Abner," urged Daniel. "You have had—er—experience in these matters. Tell her, Abner, that we may take her back if we re-open."

"Take her back!" repeated Abner, "Why, Daniel, she will

have another position then. How could we get her back?"

"But nobody except Miss Brown could understand our system," lamented Daniel. "We should have to train a new bookkeeper, and all he would think about would be moving picture shows and horse racing. Abner, you tell Miss Brown."

So Abner, very reluctantly edged his way toward the grille.

"Miss Brown," he began, "I am very sorry to say that I—that is, the firm—I mean we are going to close down, perhaps for a long time."

As he looked at Miss Marjory Brown Abner suddenly became aware that for the first time in months he was able to do so without Daniel coming in to call him. Daniel had always hated to have him talk to the bookkeeper. And now he came to think of it, he hated to have Daniel talk to her, too. The chance might never occur again. Miss Brown's hair had auburn tints among its shadowy tresses. Miss Brown's figure was divine. Miss Brown reminded him of somebody he had once known when he really was the reckless member of the family. And suddenly Abner was swept away into doing the most reckless thing that he had ever done.

"But we want you to stay with us for ever," he stammered. "We want you to be—er—wife."

Miss Brown's cheeks became the color of a ruddy peach.

"Whose wife did you say, Mr. Abner," she murmured, looking down at her ledger.

"My wife!" ejaculated Abner, taking the ledger brazenly away.

"I knew you couldn't mean Mr. Daniel's wife," murmured Miss Brown five minutes later.

"Why, dearest?" inquired Abner.

"Because I refused him two months ago," answered Miss Brown.

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HARD TO FIND NEW THEMES

Would Be Playwrights and Novel Writers Find They Have Some Handicap to Overcome.

"Ask any one you chance to meet on the street what he is doing and he will, in nine cases out of ten, tell you he is writing a play," said Eugene Walter, author of several successes. "Every one has joined the play-writing handicap now. I asked a motorcar on the street the other day how his play was getting on and he said:

"I've got it all finished except the climax of the last act. That's been bothering me a great deal. Now in the second act I have the hero—"

"Forty-second street," yelled the conductor, and I had to get off the car just as I was about to hear how the hero saved the girl in the second act.

"All of which reminds me of something I heard an amateur novelist say one time in Cincinnati. I met this young newspaper man. He, like nine-tenths of all other newspaper men, was a 'bug' on fiction. He had the script of a novel tucked under his arm.

"How are you making out?" I asked him.

"Rotten," he answered.

"What's the trouble?"

"Nothing," he went on, "only the trouble is nowadays that us novelists hatch a plot, spend a lot of time writing it and then find that our plot has been used as a short story by the late O. Henry."

"And," continued Walter, "the young novelist is absolutely right."

Superstitious Tollers.

Humble as the cockle is, it gives employment to several hundred men, women, and children on the coast of Lancashire, England, and seems to have bred in them silence and superstition. Several villages depend upon the cockle as an industrial mainstay. The cocklers are humble folk, and among strangers exceedingly shy and taciturn, as well becoming their lonely vocation. They inhabit stone cottages near the rustling marrangrass and bents; they subsist on the coarsest fare, and while at all times their living is precarious, they suffer no radical hardships through destructive high tides, shifting channels, and the break-up or altered position of the skeers. Those tollers are often seen in twos and threes far apart, not a word escaping the lips of those who work together. They are superstitious enough to believe that disputes among themselves over the skeers would be overheard and resented by the embedded cockles, in which case those sensitive shellfish would perforce quit by the next tide.

Just a Hint to the Foreman.

A brawny Scotch laborer was taken on as a "new hand" at a shipbuilding yard on the Clyde, and the foreman instructed him to convey several large pieces of timber from one part of the yard to another. The man took off his coat and started, but after a time he laydled the foreman. "I say, mister!" he said. "Did you catch my name when ye took me on?" "Ay," said the foreman. "Ye said 'Tamson'." "I did," said the man; "I thought maybe ye took it for 'Samsen'!"

Brought to Civilization.

The latest addition to civilization is the Watwa tribe, people who lived like frogs in the unknown swamps of Lake Bangweulu, Central Africa. These swamps were quite impenetrable, and the people would not formerly allow strangers to visit their haunts. Now they have vacated the swamps, and live on dry land. They have become law-abiding, willingly pay their taxes, and even escort government officials to their old-time homes.

Fashioned by Adversity.

Many a man never found himself until he lost all he had. Adversity stripped him only to discover him. Hardships and obstacles are the mallet and chisel which shape strong lives into beauty. The hardships of poverty may bring out the diamond in us. We always do our best while fighting desperately and faithfully to attain what the heart covets.

By Comparison.

"That world's series did a lot for me."

"Win money on it?"

"No; but my business troubles seem trifling now."